

The Historie.

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the icering and disdaind contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace coosen, say no more.
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
Ile reade you matter deepe and daungerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to orewalke a Current roling lowd,
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, god, might, or sinke, or swim,
Send danger from the East vnto the West.
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirs
To rouse a lyon than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honour from the pale fac'd moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corinall all her dignities,
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I crie you mercie.

Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all;
By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would saue his soule he shall not.

He

of Henry the fourth.

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no care vnto my purposes:
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay I will: that's flat:
He said he would not ran some Mortimer,
For bad my tongue to speake of Mortimer,
But I will find him when he lies asleepe,
And in his eare ile hollow Mortimer:
Nay, ile haue a starling shalbe taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you coosen a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullenbrooke,
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would haue him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel kinsman, ile talke to you
When you are better temperd to attend.

Nor. Why what a waspe-stung and impatient foole
Art thou? to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine care to no tounge but thine owne?

Hot. Way looke you, I am whipt and scour'd with rods,
Netled and stung with pismires, when I heare
Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke,
In Richards time, what do you call the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vncle kept
His vncle Yorke, where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this king of smiles, this Bullenbrooke:
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh!

North. At Barkly castle. *Hot.* You say true.

Why what a candy deale of curtesie,
This fawning greyhound then did profer me,
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Hary Percy, and kind coosen

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